

THE EDGE OF HAZARD

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SYNOPSIS.

Frederick Hardy, a fashionable Boston society man, lost his wealth, was killed by a girl and sent by a friend to take charge of an American Trading Company store in Russia. On his journey through Japan he met Stapleton, Neville, and a Russian spy. He was arrested and sent to prison. He was released and found upon his person were papers showing maps of Japan. Hardy was proven guilty. On a train he met Alonzo Sano, daughter of a Japanese merchant. In Neville's shoes Hardy found pictures of a girl, proving him to be a Russian spy. Hardy departed for Russia on a steamer, which was wrecked shortly afterward. He was rescued by a Russian steamer. On reaching Vladivostok he was well treated. He started for Siberia, meeting Princess Romanova on the train. Hardy showed the princess his experiences as a Russian spy. The steamer was wrecked. The princess and her maid were attacked by Chinese. Hardy saved their lives. The princess thanked Hardy for his heroism. Manchurians fired upon the craft. Hardy slew a Chinese. Burning the wreckage, Hardy fled upon the Pushkin's decks. An attempt was made to board the vessel. The attacking Chinese were repulsed. Romanoff sneered at Hardy's solitude for the princess. Stenka, a messenger sent for help, was killed to a cross on the shore. To put an end to the awful torture Hardy himself put Stenka out of his misery, taking his own life in his hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Perilous Mission.

During all this time the forest fires were increasing in intensity and spreading with great rapidity. Vividly red and narrow lanes of flame ran zigzag to the water's edge, like streams of fire. Monster designs were worked out on the hillside in fire, notably an immense heart, and in places where the vegetation was sparse, the slopes were spotted with tiny jets of flame. By mid-afternoon the heat on the Pushkin was almost intolerable and the discomfort caused to the eyes from the smoldering smoke was great, yet there was no longer any fear that those on board would succumb or perish from the intensity of the heat. Matters were undoubtedly at their worst, and it was possible to live, to breathe. Out there in the middle of the river there was no danger of the boat itself catching fire, and the wind, which was coming straight down the stream brought coolness and life with it from the wide Siberian plains. As Hardy stood watching the scene that night, the princess came up to him and said:

"We have nothing to fear from the Chinese, I fancy. They must have gone away. They must think we are dead."

"It is most probable," replied Hardy, "but I fear that it will be some time before we shall be able to take to the road."

"At the military station below," said the princess, "there is a telegraph, connecting with those above. It is possible for a boat of shallow draft, to get down the river to a little distance back. The general asked the men if one of their number would not volunteer to carry a dispatch to the station, but I am ashamed to say that no one has responded. They are deterred by the dreadful fate of poor Stenka."

"I will go!" cried Hardy. "Ask the general to let me go. I can keep to the middle of the stream till I have passed the fires, either wading or swimming down the swift current. The fires cannot extend more than a mile or so down the river, a distance soon passed over, and then I will take to the highway. I am a foreigner and, if captured, shall not be in so great danger as a Russian. It is not a difficult undertaking. I am sure I shall get through."

The princess left him without a word, but returned ten minutes later, smiling sadly and shaking her head.

"It is as I thought," she said. "The general refuses. He says it would be an eternal disgrace to the Russian arms if a foreigner should undertake this thing. He is making one more appeal to the men. He is calling them sheep, Japanese, poltroons."

"I had hoped," said Hardy, sadly, "that you people would no longer regard me quite in the light of a foreigner. As far as, at least, as the people on the boat are concerned, I have tried to earn the right to be counted one of you. If I have done anything to merit your own regard, personally, I ask you, as an especial favor, to prepare this dispatch for me and let me be off! I tell you again, that I shall certainly go, with or without it. If you refuse, I shall on the instant jump into the river and start on my journey."

"I beg of you not to put it in that way," replied the princess. "If you put it in that way, you know I cannot refuse. I hope the occasion may arise some day that will allow me in some way to show in a befitting manner my great and lasting gratitude to you. But now you are taking an unfair advantage. You are seeking to place me under still greater obligations to you."

"I ask for no gratitude," replied Hardy. "I am simply seeking a favor, an accommodation from you. I am begging you to write a few lines for me. Does your highness still refuse? Well, then, good-by, and God be with you! If we do not meet again, I beg you sometimes to think of me as one who, who—good-by!"

He laid one hand on the rail, but she extended her arm and detained him.

"Stay," she whispered, "I will write the dispatch for you."

She went to her cabin and Hardy made his few hurried preparations for departure, which consisted simply in swallowing a few mouthfuls of zakuska, in filling his flask with vodka, and in slipping into his pocket a flat bottle, empty, but tightly corked. When he returned to the deck, he found the princess awaiting him, with the dispatch ready. Hardy wound it into a tight cylinder and poked it into the bottle, which he corked and put into his pocket.

"Thank you," he said, simply, to the princess.

She extended her hand, and he took it, holding it, but afraid to look into her eyes. It was an honest hand that held his own in a strong, warm pressure.

"I shall pray for your safety," she murmured, "all the time till I see or hear from you again."

He raised the hand to his lips, then climbed lightly over the rail and dropped into the river. The water reached nearly to his armpits at this place. He did not look back, but, throwing himself on his face, swam with easy strokes, the swift current sweeping him rapidly downward. Soon his knees touched the soft sand, and he was able to walk for some distance. He had not gone far ere he came on a stranded and abandoned raft, and he rolled a piece of timber from this which he guided to the deep current. He was glad to lie down again and float upon this bit of wood, letting the water cover his body, for he was coming to a narrower part of the stream and the air was very hot.

CHAPTER XX.

Romanoff's Woe.

"I tell you I can go! I can get through, somehow! Men have gone greater distances, worse wounded than I!"

It was Romanoff who was speaking.

even that. Your gratitude, no doubt, will be undying."

"You forget yourself, sir!" cried Romanoff, turning on him with flashing eyes. "You presume too much on your relationship. One more such speech and I shall cancel your name from the list of my speaking acquaintances. General, I await your sentence. I beg that you will not pass over my offense lightly."

"Oh, this is all nonsense," growled the general. "You know that I cannot punish you—would not if I could. If one of the men had done this, I should know what to do with him. But no way has ever been devised for managing an unruly woman, or preventing her having her way!"

With this ungracious speech, he turned and left the room. The princess gazed after him sadly. This, then, was her punishment—the brave old general's displeasure—and it was not easy to bear.

"I choose to forget your extraordinary remark, Boris," she said, sitting down by her cousin. "I shall remember that you are wounded, and that you must be suffering, here in this hot, smoky air. I sympathize with your irritation, too, and think it noble of you. I would much rather that a Russian had gone"—and she laid her hand soothingly on his.

"Why did you not encourage my going, then?" he asked, still sullen.

"I believe, with the general, that you are unable to go, that the effort

I live, and woe to the man who crosses my path! Oh, if I could only fight for you, I would wade through seas of blood, but I would have you! I would have you!"

Romanoff shuddered, but she came nearer loving him at that instant than at any other moment of her life.

"If you will not talk of these matters now, will you, after we get to Moscow?"

"Perhaps," she replied, softly, "but tell us about Japan, unless it irritates your wound to talk."

"Why, there isn't much to tell. I passed myself off as an Englishman, and sounded all classes of people. I took note of the popular feeling, the strength of the national defenses and resources, and made plans of the principal fortifications and sea approaches. All the time I was thinking of you and wearing my heart out for another sight of you—"

"Yes!" exclaimed the princess. "This is most absorbing—about the conditions of affairs there, I mean. And what conclusion did you arrive at, my dear cousin?"

"I became positively convinced that the Japanese mean to make war on Russia; that no diplomatic temporizing can postpone the struggle much longer. The whole nation, to a man, to a woman, to a child, is united against us by the bonds of the most fanatic hatred. Their population comprises no classes, no disaffected races; they are a unit in this matter. They will fight until the last man is killed. I concluded, moreover, that they are not a foe to be despised. They are a formidable sea power, and they can throw large and well-equipped armies into Manchuria and Korea within a very few weeks after the first blow is struck. I shall advise the Little Father to begin pouring troops into the far east and to strengthen the defenses and garrison of Port Arthur immediately. I shall ask to be sent to the front with the first troops that go."

"Of course you will, my brave cousin!" cried the princess, admiringly, "and you will come back from the

with gold-dust and that she was a Queen of Fairy-land—"

"He must be something of a poet," said the princess, laughing nervously, "this Mr. Hardy. Now, if you could talk to the women like that, my dear cousin! Were you not jealous of him?"

"Jealous? Jealous of his success with a cooie girl? Not I, who know such women as you! Elizabetha, I—"

"But this Japanese girl! This is intensely exciting. What has she to do with the story?"

"Nothing, except that your Hardy remained there in Japan with her, and I was sent home, as I supposed, on a steamer from Hakodate. I had not been out long before I found that I had been betrayed, and that I was to be locked up somewhere, on an island. Such were the orders, but the crew were actually planning to kill me. I escaped, killed two or three of them, put to sea in an open boat, was picked up by a Chinese sampan, and so got back to Russia."

"My brave Boris! The Virgin was with you, and, besides, they found that he had captured a lion."

"But I have not finished telling you about this American. I am convinced that he is a Japanese sympathizer and that he suggested to the authorities there that I was not an Englishman. He is a low fellow, and I strongly suspect that he is a Jew. He was coming over here, he said, to run a store. He is a libertine, I am sure, and remained behind to conduct his intrigues with the Japanese girl—Alonzo, I believe she called herself."

"But this is mere conjecture, Boris, and I must not believe these things against him, till they are proved."

"Why must you not believe in them? What reason have you for regarding him with such favor? Tell me."

"Because he has shown himself, so far as I have observed, a gentleman of the most resolute courage, and the most refined and delicate sentiments."

"Oh, he has! Well, when I tell you that he is a low fellow, probably an enemy of Russia, a libertine, perhaps a Jew—"

"I cannot listen to you, Boris," said

knew that the implications against Hardy, who, as far as her own observations went, approached very near to her ideal of a chivalric gentleman, would rankle in her bosom like a poisoned arrow.

She walked over to Smulders and was inquiring after him, in German, which she understood, when she heard the loud shriek of a whistle, and the general rushed into the room.

"We are saved!" he cried. "Two boats with 20 soldiers on them have come down the river. They were sent down as soon as news of the fire was telegraphed to the station above. They have a launch with them, and her highness can be transferred without even wetting her dainty feet."

"I am forgiven, then, general?" asked the princess. "I have been severely punished in enduring your displeasure, even for so short a time."

"Beauty such as yours, madame, can do no wrong," replied the gallant general, extending his hand.

"Perhaps," said Romanoff, grimly, "the Chinese will get him and serve him as they did Stenka."

They were taken on the two fresh boats in the early dawn and steamed away by the light of a red sun that stained with dragon's blood the clouds piled in masses above the blackened forests, still fiercely burning. As they made a bend in the river that shut out from sight the stranded Pushkin, the ash-gray veil lifted for a moment from the Manchurian side, revealing the great cross and the form of brate Stenka Pugacheff hanging on it. The Russians crossed themselves, and uncovering their heads, prayed silently for the repose of his soul. Then, raising their hands to heaven, they swore vengeance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORDEAL FOR DINNER GUESTS

Peculiar Misfortune of Vivacious Lady
A Hard Strain on Her Companion's Good Manners.

"Isn't it terrible," said the society woman, "what a tiny thing can prove a tragedy to poor, self-wanting mankind? A speck almost invisible in the eye of an athlete may disempower him utterly and render him as helpless as a baby. And a lost hairpin or the breaking of a buckle may transform the most smartly groomed woman into an object of amusement to all observers."

"At a dinner I attended not long ago a lady sitting opposite me lodged—in some unexplainable manner—a large crumb of bread directly on the end of her nose without being conscious of the fact, and there it remained. The ludicrous effect was beyond the power of words to describe or of human risibles to resist. She is an extremely vivacious woman, generous with smiles and little bows and motions of her head, and as she chattered gaily with those about her it was impossible for us to restrain our unseemly mirth. Naturally she thought this was caused by her remarks, and she continued to toss off jests with a lightsome air. We were all in agony, but no one summoned courage to tell her, each of us preferring to leave that kindly act to another. After a time she addressed a remark to her husband, who sat next to her, and had been devoting himself to the lady at his side. He turned to look at his wife, and in an instant a clever touch of his napkin removed the distracting fragment, but I can never forget it as long as I live."

Cheering Up.

"When your work seems to be going wrong," says a woman who mixes practical philosophy with her work, "blow yourself to something nice. Go out and buy yourself a lovely dinner at a nice place, or get a new dress, or buy some flowers for your apartment. Yes, I know it will cost money, but the impetus it will give you in your work will amply repay you. When you see these things you will say to yourself: 'Well, I'm doing pretty well, after all, when I can afford to blow myself so,' and when you feel that you are doing well you will do well."

Remarkably Brief Sermon.

What was the shortest sermon? One of them at least is attributed to a monk, who had to preach on St. Stephen's day. Just before he began his brother monks intimated quietly that they were hungry and would be obliged if he would get his sermon through as quickly as possible. So he began: "My brethren, a year has passed to-day since I set forth to you all that there is to say about this day's saint. As I have not heard that he has done anything new since last year, it is unnecessary for me to say anything further." And there the sermon ended.

Kept the Sabbatarian Law

Records of Two Noted Men Cited as a Rebuke of the Laxness of the Present Day.

Two remarkable instances of fidelity to the letter of Sabbatarian law were given at the annual breakfast of the Lord's Day Observance society. "I am afraid Scotland is leading in the van of Sabbath breaking," said Rev. Lord Blythwood, who presided. "One would think that people would notice and profit by the constantly illustrated fact that the man who observes the Lord's day prospers."

"I have worked for nearly 50 years, and such is my conscience that I would never put a foot in a train on the Lord's day, neither would I use a public conveyance."

"One might say it has prevented me from preaching in many places, but I cannot help that; I have had to drag myself along with the bag that contained my gown."

The other instance was contained in the speech of Prof. Beresford Pite. "The late Sir George Livesey told me," he said, "that he had never spent a Sunday away from his wife."

"Traveling from Glasgow on Saturday, he found that he could only arrive home at Tumbidge Wells by traveling on Sunday, so when he arrived at St. Pancras in the early hours of Sunday morning he walked the remaining distance (more than 40 miles), although over 70 years of age, and attended service at Rochester on the way."—London Express.

THE WONDERBERRY OR SUNBERRY

Has Proved a Great Success—Thousands Say It's the Best Thing They Ever Grew.

The Wonderberry or Sunberry, the marvelous garden fruit originated by Luther Burbank, and introduced by John Lewis Childs, the well-known seedsman of Floral Park, N. Y., has proved a great success all over the country. Thousands of people say it is the best thing they ever grew.

Mr. John Burroughs, the well-known author, Naturalist and bosom-friend of Theodore Roosevelt, says it is the most delicious berry he ever tasted, and a marvelous cropper.

A Director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station says it fruits abundantly even in pure sand. In the short season of North-western Canada it is a godsend, and fruits long after frost has killed most garden truck.

D. S. Hall, Wichita, Kan., says thirty people grew it there last season with perfect satisfaction.

K. S. Enoch, Hammond, La., says it yields \$250 worth of fruit per acre with him. Mrs. J. H. Powers, 4732 Kenwood avenue, Chicago, raised enough berries on a space 4x10 foot to supply herself and friends.

J. P. Swallow, Kenton, Ohio, says its equal for all purposes does not exist.

Rev. H. B. Sheldon, Pacific Grove, Cal., says he likes the berries served in any and every way.

W. T. Davis, Enon, Va., says it is true to description in every way, and fruits in three months from seed.

Judge Morrow, of U. S. Circuit Court, says the Wonderberry is simply delicious raw or cooked.

Mr. Childs exhibited one plant five months old bearing 10,375 berries which measured about eight quarts.

Mrs. Mattie Vincent, Hayden, New Mexico, says it stands the long, hard droughts of that climate and fruits abundantly all summer.

It is certainly the most satisfactory garden fruit and the greatest Novelty ever introduced.

People Realize the Danger.

As an indication of the force of the crusade against tuberculosis, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in a bulletin issued recently points to the fact that while 53.5 per cent. of the expenditures for tuberculosis in 1909 were made from public resources, appropriations made for 1910 indicate that over 75 per cent. of the money to be spent this year will be from federal, state, city and county funds. In 1909, out of the \$81,803,51.50 spent for the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, \$4,262,750.03 was spent from public money, and \$3,817,771.47 from funds voluntarily contributed. For the carrying on of state, federal and municipal tuberculosis work in 1910, over \$9,000,000 has been appropriated. Of this sum, the state legislatures have granted \$4,100,000, the municipal and county bodies, \$3,975,500 and the federal government, \$1,000,000.

Why His Mother Mourned.

William M. Fogarty has a story about a good old Irish woman whose son was about to start for a trip around the world.

She had watched him prosper with pride. To her he was a great man. In her fond vision she could see all sorts of terrible tidings coming to him but she held her peace until he had started for the journey. Then she began to cry. A neighbor tried to console her, but to no avail.

"I'm afraid he hasn't the money to get back," said the mother, weeping. "He's got the money to go round the world all right, but how will he ever get back?"—Indianapolis Star.

THE CRAFTY CREDITOR



"Sorry, old man—bad tooth?"
"No—dentist owes me money—can't get near him—trying new scheme."

Paradoxical.

"It is a wonder that a hot-headed man is generally thought to be one of mettle."

"Why a wonder?"

"Because metal is usually well tempered."

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire, and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardy anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me such pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Look in page for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." There's a Reason. Never read the above letter! A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.